

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIII.]

Saturday, June 22, 1811.

[NO. 9.]

## KILVERSTONE

### CASTLE.

*A Tale.*

(Continued)

Being now at liberty to accompany his friend to the seat of war, he trined his beard to the military cut of the times. Furnished with a suit of armour, he assumed the lance, and strode the managed steed. As they journeyed on, they approached the territories of Lord Albon. This lord had called to arms his vassals, and was preparing his march to join the royal standard. It was now evening, and Audley, with his friend, had formed their little camp upon the brow of an easy eminence, whence they overlooked the vale. They determined to join their forces in the morning; and, to that end, sent a messenger to greet and inform Albon of their arrival.

Lord Albon immediately dispatched a trumpeter to sa-

lute and welcome the strange allies, and conduct them to his castle, in the hall of which, as they entered, he saluted them with military honors. Between the ranks Ironside and Audley moved on, their retinue halting at the foot. These ranks formed a gloomy avenue of armour, an arrangement of steel statues, and burnished images. As the strangers pass, the lances were bent down by each saluted knight. The agitated plumes tossed on each helmet's brow, and from the moving joints of every gauntlet, and each coat of mail, a harsh and horrid din re-echoed in the hall. They approached Lord Albon, whose noble figure struck each stranger with respectfulness. The meeting lasted not long; for the news were soon brought by the spies, that the royal army was moving towards the rebels, which shewed that the battle was not far off. After a hasty repast, it was resolved to march, and join the royal standard. They soon joined the royal ar-

my. The king commanded in person ; and to the royal tent the allies being introduced, were stationed in the right wing of the army. No foreign troops were in the field ; detained by adverse winds, they had not disembarked. The rebels lay encamped upon an eminence so near, from the outposts the passing of the watch was heard, the neighing of the steeds, and one confused murmuring of the voice of busy troops mixed with the clang of arms. Orders were issued for the next day's attack, and all the troops were under arms. A spacious plain lay extended between the armies, hemmed in by hills upon the left, and to the right a deep morass. Each with ditches and high mounds of earth lay in their camp entrenched.

The mind of Lord Audley was a stranger to fear. Like a true Christian soldier he looked on all the preparations for destruction without emotion ; and, with submission to the will of heaven, often repeated, "Good lord thy will be done."

Early as the dawn, the royal army takes the field, and heralds pass to call the foe to battle. The rebels, waiting for a tardy reinforcement, loit-

er in their entrenchments ; till braved by the left wing, who seize the outward works, and shower their arrows on the foe, impatient of restraint they leap the trench. Lord Wentworth, with the confederate chiefs, perceive their rashness, but too late ; the royal army cut them off as fast as they came up, which compelled their main army to support them. The battle became general. Audley and Ironside fought side by side, performing prodigies of valor, until the latter fell ; for every shot has its commission, and he received an arrow through the plait of his cuirass, a slant way shot, which pierced him underneath the arm, and rendered his sword no longer serviceable. He was compelled to retreat. Audley forebore the havoc, and retired with his friend, to guard him to a safer spot, where he might get his wound dressed, which, as soon as done, he flew back to join the battle. This was the most important moment of his life. The King, in an imprudent moment of rashness, had pushed too far, and being surrounded by the choicest of the rebel troops, was nearly made prisoner, his own people falling round him fast. To this victorious phalanx he



pushed his steed; the crucifix upon his bosom blazed like a passing comet, and bedimmed the gazer's eye! Destruction rode on every side, and gave him passage. The royal arm the rebel hand had that instant arrested: that instant to Audley's falchion fell the sacriligious hand, & scorned the miserable wretch who had abused its valor! Courage revived within the rallying guard! In the right wing, the cry of victory resounded! The centre pushes on, and joins the king. The rebels, from despair, now fought with madness! The battle was general and confused. Disorder prevailed among the rebels, who began to lose their chiefs apace by the valor of the king's knights. Audley was foremost in the hottest danger. One competitor alone distinguished himself for the king's side, and almost equalled him in his claim for glory. He was mounted on a dappled roan, which seemed by the red tints to be covered with blood. He was a stranger, and only known by the name of the Bloody Knight! Wherever the foes rushed on, and gained upon the royal troops, here he attacked! and, when the fury of the despairing rebels made the battle the most sanguine,

then, amidst the ranks, he forced his way, and, meeting with Geoffrey, the young Lord Wentworth, braved him to engage, unhorsed him, and, amidst his amazed vassals, severed his head from off his body, and bore it by the hair aloft to view! The spectacle dismayed the rebel troops; they fled! Whilst he approached the king, and made the offering which ensured the peace! The rout was general!

The king sent forth an herald through his army, commanding the two valient strangers to attend him in his tent. The Bloody Knight obeyed the summons; but Audley had left the field to visit his friend. Ironside was still alive, but languished of his wound, which then portended a lingering death. Audley diverted him much with the description of the battle, making a particular remark upon the actions of the strange knight. "Who could he be?" exclaimed Audley. "I cannot tell," replied Ironside; "unless your father-in-law Alfred should have chosen to appear so." "Had it been him he would have quartered that strange device in his arms, a savage tearing up a pine."

(To be Continued.)

THE  
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

*A Tale.*

(Continued)

Virginia slowly recovered from her indisposition; she endeavoured to conquer her repugnance, and waited only till her strength was restored, in order to pay her respects to the new Abbess. On entering the chamber, where she had been accustomed to receive so tender a reception, and fixing her eyes on the chair of her amiable friend, now occupied by a stranger, she could not retain her tears.

"I hope, my sister," said Signora Menzzoni, with a disdainful air, "that you do not flatter yourself with the expectation of finding in me the weakness of my predecessor. I think it necessary, in the first place, to signify to you that your entrance to this apartment is in future prohibited; and I trust that, acting in conformity to your duty you will not pretend to higher privileges than those enjoyed by others."

Virginia bowed in silence; she raised her eyes, and thought she perceived, on the countenances of several of the Ancients

who surrounded the Abbess, an expression of coolness and severity which deeply affected her. She retired with a heart oppressed with grief; but the hope of soon joining her friend dissipated, in some measure, the affliction she would otherwise have experienced.

Preparations were made for celebrating, within two days, the feast of one of the patrons of the Abbey. The Nuns of San Cipriano, renowned for the beauty of their voices, attracted a prodigious concourse of persons from Urbino and the neighbouring vilages, who flocked with eagerness to assist at the principal festivals which were held in the course of the year.

Virginia, whose melodious accents imparted an idea of the music of angels, was to sing a motet. The sanctuary was decorated with the utmost magnificence; an innumerable quantity of tapers illuminated the altar, and rivalled the light of day; the majestic vibrations of the organ resounded throughout the temple, and its awe-inspiring sounds, re-echoing along the spacious vaults, seemed to convey to the throne of the Deity the vows of the mortals assembled to celebrate his glory.



A young Novice was the first who sung; Virginia then advanced in the front of the choir. The curtains of the grate were drawn aside, and afforded a view of the persons of distinction with which the church was filled. The most profound silence reigned in every part; they appeared fearful of losing a single accent of the harmonious voice that just began to breathe its soft strains, when suddenly their attention was diverted by the sighs and inarticulate lamentations of one who seemed hurried away by the emotion of despair. At that instant a young man, wrapped in a cloak, left the church with precipitation; every one made room for him to pass, but Virginia had already recognised her long lost Eugenio. She remained immovable, and scarce able to breathe; a dreadful paleness overspread her countenance, and she became inanimate as the marble pillar against which she rested. The whole scene, and the persons who surrounded her, disappeared to her sight; a dark cloud obscured her eyes, and her existence was only manifested by the increased palpitation of her heart.

“For Heaven’s sake, sis-

ter,” said a young Nun who was near her, “recollect yourself!”

Virginia started; and turning her head aside, remarked, with affright, that the Abbess regarded her with a threatening aspect, and looks expressive of rage and passion.

The idea of appearing in the presence of Eugenio overwhelmed her soul.—“What should bring him to this place?” thought she, while sorrow rent her heart. “Has he come merely to express these marks of pity which have betrayed him to my eyes? Ah! let him reserve for Rosalia the tender effusions of his heart: I require nothing more than his indifference and disregard.”

After the ceremony was concluded, she was traversing one of the cloisters, when old Francesco the gardener of the Convent, after making several mysterious signs, the meaning of which she could not apprehend, threw a letter at her feet, and then suddenly fled from her presence. Virginia recognized the hand-writing of Eugenio, and hastily seized the paper, dreading lest it should be observed by any other person.

"If you do not wish me to fall a victim to my grief and despair beneath these horrid walls which conceal you from my sight," he wrote, "grant me an interview of a quarter of an hour. The honest old man who delivers you this note, has promised to introduce me this evening, at eleven o'clock, in the cypress grove at the end of your garden; he will give you a key, by means of which you will be able to join me. Virginia, be careful what resolution you form—you know my character; if you deny me, to-morrow I shall be no more!"

Surprise, rage, and resentment animated the countenance of Virginia, and suffused it with a lovely crimson. She hastily wrote in the leaves of the pocket book Eugenio had formerly given her, and which she constantly carried about her, these few words:—

"I have nothing to expect from the husband of Rosalia. I entreat him to leave this place, and at least to recollect that the disregard of his former oaths ought not to divest him of that respect naturally inspired by those sacred ties which have for ever fixed the destiny of

VIRGINIA,"

(To be Continued)

ST. HERBERT,  
OR THE  
VICTIMS OF PREJUDICE.

A TALE.

A SAD presentiment filled my heart, and I burst into tears. "Ah! my child (said I,) did you know the feelings of a parent, you would not thus crush them by anticipating such an event as your death.—Providence forbid that it should take place prior to mine?" "And wherefore (demanded he calmly) would you wish me to survive you—would not the uncertainty of my future mode of life embitter your last moments? would you not be apt to say, as the torpors of death stole upon your limbs, 'what will become of thee my child--thine inexperienced and unsuspecting youth, illy calculate thee for the new scenes through which thou art to pass—add alas! thou hast no parent—no guide.'—No, my pappu when you perform for me the last sad office that weeping affection can offer—shed not a single tear of regret upon my clay—but rather console yourself with the reflection, that you have seen your only child descend blameless to the tomb."



An hour previous to the departure of Julius, he led me to the garden, and there, with the most profound seriousness and diffidence, declared to me that Louisa possess his warmest affection, and entreated me to favour his passion, and if possible keep my girl disengaged. 'I must quit you immediately (said he), and it is probable many months may elapse before I return to this delightful forest—yet every hour of absence shall be crowned with the idea of my enchanting Louisa, and the sweet hope of again seeing her shall alone cherish life—yet, conceal these my sentiments from her—if you value my happiness or her's you will do it; tell her I am her friend, but say not that I love——time will divulge my motive for this singular secrecy.' These were the expressions of Cuthbert; and with these expressions would I have soothed the sinking spirits of my daughter, regardless of his injunctions, had not her narrative of the miniature prevented me; but that confounded me, and at once closed every avenue of consolation—

The steps of time, brightening in the sun of *May*, again brought on the hours of glee, that called the expectant rustic

from his humble hamlet to renew his unambitious cares—to lead his fleecy dependants to fields gay with young verdure, and to streams that burst rejoicing from the cold fetters of winter; that bade the sod teem with blooming fragrance, and the winged tenants of the wilderness cheer solitude with their melody. But I only amid the exulting offspring of nature, heard not the call—I was enwapt in my griefs, for the fairest work of creation, my precious bud was fading, ere it had attained half its excellence.

Early one morning, as I was preparing to visit Louisa, who was confined to her bed, the young man who had attended Julius, hastily entered my chamber; 'I bring you a letter (said he) from Mr. Cuthbert, he will be here in a couple of days. The letter was directed to Louisa, and fearing it might contain something that would distress her, I opened it, and to my great joy found it replete with the most ardent expressions of love.—'I shall not see him (said she, after perusing it) my lamp will not hold out till then—could I but have had one last look—yet let me be content—I am beloved by Julius, and let that

be sufficient—tell him so Papa, and (drawing his picture from her bosom) give him this, and say that it has been the loved companion of all my solitary hours ever since I first possessed it ;—yes, tell Julius how I love him ! A visible change instantly took place, she was sensible of it, and after bidding the family a tender adieu, called for her crucifix, and spent some little time in devout petitions, then reclining her face upon my bosom, she expired with a gentle sigh.

In the midst of mine own distress, I forgot not Julius ; I remembered what my feelings were when my love left me, and what a relief it was to my gloomy spirit to embrace her dear remains, ‘and it shall solace Julius too,’ said I. we therefore, in expectation of his arrival, deferred the interment till the fourth day, when, perceiving that he delayed coming, the sorrowful procession, toward sunset moved slowly to the cemetery—we had scarce entered that dreary abode of death, when a person on horseback came in sight.—he rode up—it was Cuthbert—Our silent woe seemed to oppress him—he drew nearer, and, with a faltering voice accosted me—but I could not reply

—I only waved my hand ; the white haired grave digger gave a sign, and the supporters of the bier set it down, and uncovered the corse ; the eyes of Julius glanced upon it ; he started ; again his sight turned to the coffin, and giving a loud shriek he dropt upon the earth. He was instantly raised, and every one making use of the remedies in his power, we soon saw him revive, and attempted to lead him away ; but he burst from those that held him, and throwing himself down by the corse : ‘ powers of pity (exclaimed he,) it is, it is, my Louisa—but after so long an absence, we will not be so soon separated ; no, my love, even in spite of the everlasting stupor that hath locked up thy senses we will be united—I will meet thee in the territory of death—we will be enclosed in the same tomb.’ Then placing his lips to her livid cheek, he encircled her with his left arm. Our own grief was renewed, and we attempted not to interrupt his, but stood weeping around him as partners in affliction, when the report of a pistol awoke us to terror ; we rushed toward him together, but the blood that streamed from his bosom, and his convulsive gasps, con-



vinced us that his desperate spirit had forever quit its beautiful abode ; yes, the amiable the youthful Julius, unable to sustain so keen a disappointment, had, in that moment of anguish deprived himself of life, and as an union with her dust seemed to be his latest wish, we placed him the next day in her grave.

When the excess of my grief had abated, Cuthbert's young man, (who had never left me for an hour since the death of my daughter) made some distant enquiries respecting Louisa. I frankly related her little story ; and made observations upon the mysterious conduct of Julius. 'His motives are known to me (said the youth,) and till lately he believed that you had been made acquainted with them long since—for he had written to you frequently during his journey to the South and in every epistle he had depicted the emotions of his mind. His reason for wishing your daughter to be ignorant of his sentiments respecting her, was, that as he was not in any line of business at that time his father, who was avarice itself; had determined to send him to Europe, and from thence to the East-Indies in quest of a fortune.

(To be Continued.)

*The* SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XXIX.

SATURDAY, May 11, 1811.

Man *Lords* it o're the species of his kind;  
Unmindful, that the Lord of *all*, has by  
His precepts, taught *humanity*, and set  
It down among the most pre-eminent  
Of his Creatures Virtues. Slavery! curs'd  
And hated let it stand ! Hithersforth,  
May disgrace be attach'd to that mans  
name,  
Who holds his fellow *Man* in bondage.

SLAVERY has in almost every age where it has received toleration, (but particularly in this and part of the preceding century) excited a degree of attention correspondent with the importance and magnitude of the subject. From the fatal and unprecedented extensiveness of the practice on the one hand and the interested motives and ignorance which distinguished the period when slavery was thus illaudably first introduced, being superseded by a spirit of liberality and independence ; the result of a wide diffusion of religious and political knowledge on the other hand, has, particularly in this country, produced severe but just animadversions, against slavery, and the authour of the cruelties inflicted upon the wretched victims of it.

And it is pleasing to observe, that the characters of those who have taken a part against slavery, have been generally

marked by exemplary conduct; being moral men of worth and abilities.

This question, is the difference of exterior, which is conspicuous between us and the affricans, to be applied equally, derogative to their disadvantage, as to internal qualities? has met with numerous and able supporters in the negative; but few *writers* have taken a part in the affirmative yet, I have known many who *orally* insist that the *Blacks* are a distinct race, interior to the *Whites*, in every point equally in appearance as well as intelligent powers. And in support of these assertions, they observe, that the negroes are destitute of that quickness of apprehension; that refinement of sentiment; that urbanity of manners: and that their characters are distinguished by a contraction of intellects: that they are treacherous and in habits ferocious. They further maintain (and almost every one will invent some sophistry in order to palliate their conduct however unjust) that as they are incapable of governing and taking a proper care of themselves, it is a charity if not a duty, to take that charge upon ourselves & protect them, for say they, if it was intended, by

the creator, that they should be upon equal terms with the whites they would have been created with correspondent powers and appearances. It is true the present situation of the Affricans, gives some probability for the drawing of such a conclusion, to those who wish for something to mitigate their diabolical views and actions. The examples that can be adduced of some of the most polished nations having originated from being more barbarous and ignorant than the Affricans of the present day, will I presume, refute the idea of unexampled ignorance and depravity and the *impossibility* of their becoming an enlightened people.—  
'The Greeks who in latter ages became the patrons of politeness and every elegant art were decendant from a savage race of men traversing the woods and wilds, inhabiting rocks and caves, a wretched prey to wild beasts and to one another. They were totally ignorant of marriage, Mankind, like the beasts of the field, were propagated by accidental rencounters and without any knowledge to whom they owed their existence.'

The modern Europeans, who aspire to the highest state of civilization & refinement, are



descended from a race of beings the Goths, who were in such a state of barbarity and depravity, that while it causes painful sensations to arise that such was the horrid situation of our ancestors, it cheers us in reflecting on our present prospects and enlightened state

By the above it is perceptible, that the *white* inhabitants of the earth are put upon a level with the blacks considered as a nation. And it is a notorious fact, where science and religion, are permitted to languish, so in proportion does ignorance and depravity ensue; and without these (the former) auxiliaries mankind would be the most miserable of Gods creatures; for they would gradually sink into a horrid, dreaded, state of ignorance, immaterial as to whites or blacks. It certainly is not a matter of surprise to observe in the characters of the negroe slaves in america every corrupt and vicious passion that degrade human nature. What then is to be expected from beings that perhaps never had one moral precept impressed upon their minds, but who are permitted to go uncultivated, left open to the admission (the slaves) of the vices and foibles of the lowest of our own citizens, and to their poor ignorant, wretched partakers of slavery.

A deprivation of liberty dampens the spirit of enterprise and emulation, cramps the intellects and without that balm of life, the prognosticator of future bliss, religion, makes the victim as miserable as can be imagined. Such must be the case with the negro slaves No prospect of being relieved while *here*, from the thralldom of slavery, Futurity, from the principles of religion and morality not having been early ( if indeed at any period of their lives ) inculcated into their minds, is to their tortured souls a dreary void, or perhaps worse: their ignorance, their prejudices may lead them to form a cheerless, if not an horrid idea of an after state. Considering then the Affricans as human beings, created with the same powers, subject to the same, sensations, ect. as the whites, we proceed to the examination of the *right* of the practice which deprives them from enjoying the same privileges. It can I think be represented to a demonstration, that slavery is incompatible with the laws of God and nature.—

In mans emancipation from barbarism, as it is termed. to civilization and refinement, or in other words, when the radical virtues of the primeval beings disappeared to give

place to these passions which have since in a greater or less degree distinguished mankind. viz. fraud, violence pride envy &c. these 'lords of creation' formed and put in execution the damnable practice of enslaving their fellow beings, obliging them to perform the meanest and, most labourious of their business, and in every respect were made subservient to the capricious and arbitrary wills of their oppressors. Therefore, slavery being an invention founded upon the most unjust basis, and as it is in opposition to nature, must consequently be incompatible with the justice of the supreme being, in whom alone we are led to believe it is possest in its purity. "And God said let us make *man* in our own image after our own likeness, and let him have dominion over the *fish of the sea* and over the *fowls of the air* and over the *cattle*, and over every *creeping thing* that creepeth upon the earth" and if these words "and let him have dominion over his own kind, and when misfortune ect. gives him the opportunity, let him make a slave of him and keep him in bondage" were added, we might, with reason, accuse God of injustice. Then might the slave holder have something

to say in extenuation of his conduct; and might proceed in his career of barbarity with impunity. We might then, with reason, accuse God of inconsistency; for would it not be palpably inconsistent to exhort man to be merciful unto his fellow man; cloath him when naked; when hungry give him food: and command him to love his neighbour as himself, when at the same time he permitted to be excused indefinitely a practice which alone would be sufficient to subvert all order in the world: which would be the means of destroying all social harmony: indeed, every thing that renders "life supportable." But there is no part in the scriptures which indicate in the faintest manner, that slavery is pleasing to or permitted by God, who made all men equal. This passage of scripture as quoted above contains a fundamental law, a law sufficiently explicit for us to know, that our dominion extends no farther than over inferior creatures, and even unto *those* we are commanded to be merciful. I conceive it unnecessary to say more upon this point, for I presume, it is perceptible to all, that slavery is incompatible with the laws of God, in opposition to nature, and highly reprehensible in one



mans making a slave of his fellow being.

It gives rise to sincere regret that there are such an innumerable number of slaves in this country, and to a mind fraught with the least particle of humanity, and a love of freedom, it must be a painful retrospection to reflect on the causes which occasioned their admission here.

Slavery is diametrically opposite to every humane passion, and the very essence of a free government. It is as inconsistent with republicanism as any two matters can be.

Of all people upon earth the Americans should have been an exemption to the permission of slavery. Americans permit slavery! whose daily literary productions abound with numerous disquisitions on our political liberty and the "Rights of Man?" Any incident however trivial, apparently directed against our invaluable rights is commented upon by a host of writers and political holders forth, while one word in support of a monarchy, which unavoidably causes the distinction of master and slave, subjects the author to unbounded abuse and the most degrading appellation: And yet there is permitted to be exercised, a practice, indefin-

ately more fatal aggravating and unjust. We can, I think, without straining probability indulge the idea of the Africans emancipating from the torpid state of barbarity they now are in, if religion, literature &c. find a welcome reception among them in their own country; and for the honour of the American character I hope to see a mitigation of the cruelty they endure; and in commiseration of their shocking situation and a regard for the interest of this country desire to see them rapidly advancing to respectability, since we have them among us.

\* \* \* The conclusion of the Speculator, No XXVIII. is necessarily delayed until the ensuing week—I have received. F. W's note, and shall thank him for the promised biography, it is likely I may give his scotch (selected) piece a place next week, and perhaps I may not—I don't admire impatient people. W.

As Swett and Banister were walking once in Piccadilly, a fellow on the roof of one of the bath coaches, roared out, "How are you Dicky Gossip?" "Why," exclaimed Swett, "how should that man know me?" "Easily enough," replied Banister, "don't you see he is on the stage?"

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

.....  
**VARIETY.**  
.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED  
.....

**WANTS A SITUATION !!**

A Journeyman cooper, well versed in his business, and what is more so fortunate as to be born in 'swate Ireland,' does not drink any *spirituous liquors* 'at all at all!' but Irish geneva! (precious soul) laughs (not loud) but meddles in every ones business.

Apply some where near the water, or direct a line to D—S—who will undertake to teach **FILIAL DUTY !!**

**I KNOW YOU ALL !!**

—  
"I hate cats almost as much as old maids," exclaimed a Hibernian; "and if I had been a Legislator, I would have laid the *Dog-tax* upon Cats."

—  
Two adjoining shops in Portsmouth painted nearly alike, exhibit (without any allusion to regal partnership) this curious coincidence of their owners names, '*King—George—and Son.*' *London Pap.*

—  
Letters from Norfolk mention, that the examining court before whom Mr. Samuel Myers had been arranged for shooting Mr. Bowden, had found a bill against him for manslaughter.

**LADY'S MISCELLANY.**

*NEW-YORK, June 15, 1811.*

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the time

**CORONER'S REPORTS.**

June 10. Charity Finch, late of Sherburn, Madison, or Chenango, county. suicide by laudanum. Was to have been married to John Burk on Sunday. She slept with him the night preceding, and Burk refusing to fulfil his engagement, caused her to perpetrate the awful crime.

June 12. Maria Keach, wife of Toby Keach, drowned herself, supposed to be in consequence of her husband's bringing to his house a woman of ill fame, with whom he had been in the practice of cohabiting.

June 15. William Thomas Hobin, suicide by laudanum—insanity.

June 17. James Cochran, seaman, fell overboard from the U. S. brig Argus, and was drowned.

**Married.**

On monday evening last, at Elizabeth-town, N. Y. by the Rev. John M'Dowd, ell, Mr. Wm. Hall, merchant of N. Y. to Miss Mary Gaines, of the former place.

On Monday evening. tenth inst. by the rev. Dr. J. Basset, Mr. Simon Mabee, of Charlestown, Montgomery county, to Mrs. Susanah Warner, widow of the late George Warner of this city.

At Fort Edward, D. D. Hasbrouck, esq to Miss Abby Lawrence, daughter of Dr John Lawrence.

At Red Hook, on Sunday last, by the rev. Mr. Kittle. David Codwise, esq. of this city, to Miss Patty Livingston, daughter of Gilbert R. Livingston, esq of that place.

On Saturday evening the 15th inst. by the rev. Mr. Schureman, Mr. Nicholas Nelson, to Miss Elizabeth Baille, both of this city.

**Died.**

On Monday morning last, Captain William Henry, in the 45th year of his age.

On Monday last, at Staten-Island, Mr. Abraham Van Duzer, jun. aged 31 years.





"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyte,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.



Lines written on the death of a Person,  
who perished in a Snow  
Storm—January 1811.

When foul and fierce, the north winds  
blow  
And Howling tempests sweep along the  
neighb'ring hills  
And murmurs sad and solemn voice a-  
loud is heard  
Resistless passing through the groves  
Nor woods, nor wilds nor rocks in si-  
lence,  
Long are hush'd unmindful of the call;  
For now resounds the desert far and  
wide  
With many a deep-fill'd melancholy  
groan  
Till one, universal sound is heard  
Loud bursting through the air, And  
now  
More close and closer still the gath'-  
ring  
Clouds engage, till both wide and thick  
The sky with one entire sheet is o'er-  
spread,  
And now more thickning still: the  
storm  
At length begins, darkning the day and  
Sad'ning all the sky: whilst through the  
air  
In soft white flakes the snow descends  
Till at length they reach and lodge

Upon the plains:—The storm now  
rages

High, and fields on fields by driven snow  
In heaps ere cover'd o'er—new hills  
Arise, new dales present, form'd by the  
Drifting snow, and nature through all  
Her realms one wide wil derness presents  
Now winter rules the varied scene  
And through her vast domain extends  
Her iron Sceptre far and wide.

Thus many a bitter hour the storm  
Unceasing rag'd, nor yet at evening's  
Shades approach it's violence decreas'd  
But lasted long and longer more severe.  
Yet not the woodman, poor who doom'd  
by fate

To toil through cold and heat a scanty  
Living to obtain dishearten'd seem'd,  
But cheerfully perform'd his daily  
Task: thus untill dusky eve manly he  
Strove, nor mindful of the piercing cold  
Nor bitter storm, but straight press'd  
his course

And with many a full and heavy stroke  
The desert far and wide resounds  
Thus 'till yon glorious orb of day be-  
hind

The western hemisphere her face half  
hides

Pointing the labourer to his rest,  
Then slowly solemn beyond the cloud  
top'd

Hill her majestic look withdraws,  
leaving

The world to enjoy a short tho' sweet  
repose

Thus long he strove still faithful to his  
charge,

Till eve, fond eve, her dusky mantle  
spread,

And bid him cease;—Now homeward  
cast his eyes,

Thither directs his steps—with courage  
firm,

And animated hope, he bends his  
course;

The snow disdains, whilst thought of  
home his noble

Spirit raises—thus he with manly strength,  
 Unconquer'd by the storm, or piercing cold,  
 through the wild wood his way directs  
 buoy'd up  
 And cheer'd with hope, fond hope, his humble  
 Habitation soon to find—But ah in vain—  
 For oh sad fate now irrevocably  
 His final destiny had firmly seal'd—  
 Now up, now down the forest wide he roams  
 No path he finds,—Nor voice of human kind;  
 Nor rivers roaring hears!—Nor the warm fire,  
 Nor yet his cottage sees—but all alone,  
 (Far from the track and blest abode of man) he strays  
 Whilst night, resistless night, fast closes  
 And surrounds him in the woods—  
 Now he makes a momentary pause  
 And all around he casts a wishful look  
 And listens—to no use—nor can he  
 Spy the much dear'd place, nor ought  
 Can hear but the wind shrill whistling  
 Among the trees—then again he summons  
 All his strength and calls his vigour forth  
 And re-commences his unknown way—  
 Alas his way unknown and safety from him fled  
 He dares not to advance with speed:  
 who knows  
 Says he the danger that each step,  
 The next perhaps may throw me from the brink  
 Of some surrounding precipice, and in pieces  
 Dash this body on the rocks beneath;  
 or else,  
 Some deep dug hole conceal'd with snow  
 Awaits my next advance—these and the  
 Like apprehensions alarm his breast  
 (*To be Concluded in our next.*)

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